Aiax. I say the proclamation.

Ther. Thou grombleſt and rayleſt euery houre on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of enuy at his greatneſſe, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpinas* beauty, I that thou barkſt at him.

Aiax. Miſtres *Therſites*.

Ther. Thou ſhouldſt ſtrike him. *Aiax Coblofe*, Hee would punne thee into ſhiuers with his fiſt, as a ſayler breakes a bisket, you horſon curre. Do? do?

Aiax: Thou ſtoole for a witch:

Ther. I, Do? do? thou ſodden witted Lord, thou haſt no more braine then I haue in mine elbowes, an *Aſinico* may tutor thee, you ſcuruy valiant aſſe, thou art heere but to thraſh Troyans, and thou art bought and ſould among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlaue. If thou vſe to beate mee I will beginne at thy heele, and tell what thou art by ynches, thou thing of no bowells thou.

Aiax. You dog: *Ther.* You ſcuruy Lord.

Aiax. You curre.

Ther. *Mars* his Idiot, do rudeneſſe, do Camel, do, do.

Achil. Why how now *Aiax* wherefore do yee thus, How now *Therſites* whats the matter man.

Ther. You ſee him there? do you?

Achil. I whats the matter. *Ther:* Nay looke vpon him.

Achil: So I do, whats the matter?

Ther: Nay but regard him well.

Achil: Well, why ſo I do.

Ther: But yet you looke not well vpon him, for who ſome euer you take him to be he is *Aiax*.

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I but that foole knowes not himſelfe.

Aiax: Therefore I beate thee.

Ther: Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he vtters, his euaſions haue eares thus long, I haue bobd his braine more then he has beate my bones. It will buy nine ſparrowes for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow: this Lord (*Achilles*) *Aiax*, who weares his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I tell you what I ſay of him.

Ach. What. *Ther.* I ſay this *Aiax*.

Achil. Nay good *Aiax*. *Ther.* Has not ſo much wit.

Achil. Nay I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Hellens* needle, for whom he comes to fight. *Achil.* Peace foole?

Ther. I would haue peace and quietneſſe, but the foole will not, he there, that he: looke you there?

Aiax. Oh thou damned curre I ſhall———

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fooles.

Ther. No I warrant you, the fooles will ſhame it.

Patro. Good words *Theſites*. *Achil.* Whats the quarrell.

Aiax. I bad the vile owle goe learne me the tenor of the proclamation, and he railes vpon me.

Ther. I ſerue thee not? *Aiax.* Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerue here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſeruice was ſuffrance: twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary. *Aiax* was here the voluntary, and you as vnder an Impreſſe.

Ther. E'ene ſo, a great deale of your witte to, lies in your ſinnewes, or els there bee liers, *Hector* ſhall haue a great catch and knocke at either of your beains, a were as good crack a ſuſty nut with no kernell.

Achil. What with me to *Therſites*.

Ther. Theirs *Vliſſes* and old *Neſtor*, whoſe wit was mouldy ere their grandſiers had nailes, yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough vp the wars.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good ſooth, to *Achilles*, to *Aiax*, to ———

Aiax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeake as much as thou afterwards.

Patro. No more words *Therſites* peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* brooch bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like *Clatpoles*, ere I come any more to your tents, I will keepe where there is wit ſtirring, and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*

Patro. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this ſir is proclaim'd through all our hoſte, That *Hector* by the firſt houre of the Sunne: